

TERMS.

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Poetry.

NEVER GIVE UP.

Never give up! It is wiser and better  
Always to hope than once to despair,  
Fling off the load of Doubt's cowering fetter,  
And break the dark spell of tyrannical care.  
Never give up! of the barren may sink you—  
Providence has kindly mingled the cup,  
And in all trials and troubles, bethink you,  
The watchword of life must be, Never give up!  
Never give up! there are chances and changes  
Helping the hopeful a hundredfold,  
And, through the chaos, High Wisdom arranges  
Ever success—if you'll only hope on;  
Never give up! for the wisest is boldest,  
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup,  
And of all maxims the best, as the oldest,  
Is the true watchword of Never give up!  
Never give up! though the grape shot may rattle,  
Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst,  
Stand like a rock, and the storm or the battle  
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst;  
Never give up! if adversity presses  
Providence wisely has mingled the cup,  
And the best counsel, in all your distresses,  
Is the stout watchword of Never give up.

Select Tale.

LOVE IN A BALLOON.

BY DANKE PLUME.

"I hate a mild spirit! I despise a soul that can be at rest. If I can have none but such companions, let me live and die in terrible solitude!"  
"But Marion, my dear first-born, the fault is yours. Your spirit will certainly have to come down before you die, whether the scene happens in solitude or the more terrible circumstances of battle. You're only wild. Time will tame that electrical mind of yours."  
So spoke the son, and so the father answered him, and yet both felt themselves right, and each regretted the characteristics of the other. The youth had no brother and but one sister, and yet the strong affection which one dear object claims was but partially developed in the heart of young Marion. Arin was much too gentle for her brother, and her taste for the beautiful was quite as remarkable as his indomitable passion for the adventurous change, and intense excitement. Arin knew her brother could not endure her companionship, and she saw at once that the only means which she could in her nature employ to win him from his wildness, must have a contrary effect. Her most affectionate smile was less acceptable to him than a dignified frown, and if she gave him a bouquet he would pant to throw it forcibly away, even before he could leave her presence to do so. Nothing soft, or sweet, or lovely, could enter his discordant constitution, and at all attempts at quelling his ruling passion proved Marion invincible. When a child, he had disdained to cry, and pain only rendered him the more scornful and proud. So early had this stoic spirit kindled that his father used to say of him that Marion had weaned his mother. He had preferred the wild grove, and chilly winds, to his mother's bosom and her bland smile; this, in early childhood. Despite the smiles, tears, and voice of Arin, the stony souled boy would retain his adamant heart and break free from all restraint.  
To tell all the depths of a fond sister's affection, the panting of a sister's hopes, the springs of her griefs, and the painful working of these together as they alternate in the heart of susceptible woman, would only go into Arin's history a little way, and so I leave the subject to be carried as far as your imagination may see proper to fly.  
Marion knew his sister felt more than common love for him, he knew that she was proud of him, but instead of increasing his respect for her, it sickened him, and drove him from her company. At the age of twelve years the wild youth would dispute with, and master his father, on almost all subjects, and then sometimes when his mother and sister would join their arguments and entreaties, the bold boy would hold his spirit away and come off more proud and ungovernable from the list of thought. If they ever had the temerity to attempt to inspire fear and terror for the accomplishment of their requirements, they were sure to witness misanthropic scorn, or determined indifference on the instant; and when a thunder storm or a raging wind brought the opportunity, Marion, would deride their fearful looks and return them the lesson of terror with interest.  
Marion Boling was now nineteen, and the subject of this story shall not

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again be broken by disgression, unless I forget.  
"Tame my mind!" cried he, "I defy Time, I will be what I am, free and honest. I will not do as the world does, just because others do; I will be what feeling dictates; call me stubborn, or call me wicked!"  
"But Marion," replied Boling, "the subject you spoke of to-day, though I own your boldness in introducing it, is premature. You are not fit to think of marriage, and it is quite certain that no female society would suit your temperament. No, do not think of marrying, you must not."  
"I have thought of the matter as it by impulse for the last few days, and father I shall marry as soon as I find a woman. She shall be no common woman; but one after my own heart, a fiery, high souled, intelligent being."  
"Just such a one as would render your life a curse, and a most bitter term of punishment for your rashness."  
"No, father, no, I shall never be punished for rashness; there is no such thing as rashness; no such thing as punishment. What you call punishment is always imaginary, suffering is not punishment; it is human fear and foolish weakness. I shall marry a true spirit; a free, untrammelled woman; if one lives."

"Marion you shall not!"  
"Father, I will!"  
"Then I will not call you my son."  
"A great honor. Perhaps I am not your son!"  
"Marion, you forget yourself!"  
"I do not forget you speak to awe, then speak the truth. I am no better for hearing your nonsense."  
"Once more, beware! you have much to repent of!"  
"Not one act or thought. I stand here and call that man, woman, spirit, or devil, a liar, who says I have anything to repent of. I never committed a wrong act, and I will have no judge. Now father, you say I am young; granted, you say I am not fit to unite with any mortal woman, granted. Now I say, that I have an impulse which bids me seek a companion; and is another to dictate who or when? You shall have no part in the matter. I obey the laws of my being, and I will have a companion within the shortest space of time possible."  
"God do so, and you are disinherited!"  
"Which means you leave me no money or property?"  
"It does!"  
"Good! you owe me no money. I would do wrong to take your property. You helped me into the world that I might help myself; good! I neither thank you for being my parent, nor do I despise you for trying to enslave me. I will marry, and I am being to wish it, and I will it. I care not a breath for the world's usage, I hate like humility and hauteur, pride and vanity, imitation and selfishness. Disinherit me!"  
"Oh, calm yourself, Marion, I entreat you to forbear."  
"I am calm as a rock, father, I am not angry, I enjoy this kind interview."  
"My only son this is the way you repay a father's kindness, this is your filial love! why, it will be my death!"  
"Father if you were reasonable, you would not talk thus to me. I know I love you as well as I can, to the extent of what is in me. This whining assurance of love and esteem is not honesty, it is all hypocrisy. I dislike your tame character, and you dislike my wildness as you are careful to call it. God formed us both, and does he create wrong? No, the difference is in education. I have allowed not a little of imitation to enter my character, I am just what God made me, without the least degeneracy. My education has come from Nature. You are an artificial man like the rest of your race, you have drawn your soul from paper books, which I never read except to condemn. Books are false and changeable in their lore as the clouds yonder in their shape. Books are silly monuments of fool's minds."

"I will not waste breath, Marion, if you are determined to marry at nineteen and such a character as yourself, I will say no more. The punishment will come without my assistance. May you soon enough be awakened from your wilder than dreaming life!"  
"Talk of punishment again? I may be punished for doing as the God of Nature gives me the impulse to do, is such your belief then I will seek this punishment; it would be a heaven to me! Your words are impotent, I go

to-morrow to seek my kindred mind, one inhabits earth!"  
Old Boling turned away and sought his wife and daughter. They were his only solace when he came weary in the battle of words with his ungovernable child.

CHAPTER II.

Marion with all his stern will, and hatred for the artificial world, seemed to act with consistency. While he scorned the sway of fashion, he was of the proud line of the aristocracy, and that forced manner which only in-consciousness of wrong. His costume, if clean, was not always strained to that peculiar nicety which shows fashion to its best advantage, without reference to bodily advantage and ease. Sometimes with only a loose scarf thrown round his manly form, he would laugh at weather and ridicule, give smiles for sneers, and indifference for open assault. He had often roamed from his native Savanna to the wildest haunts amid the Alleghanies, and revelled for weeks in caverns and forests. He loved a tornado track better than the flowery path, the cataract better than the sweetest earthly music. He enjoyed a thunder tempest as a treat, and when he could stand on a rocky pinnacle and watch the lightning play around, Marion, could for a moment live in his element of thought.

But the incident of my story must now be told. The reader is quite prepared for its romantic return, and I shall proceed with brevity to compass it. Marion allowed Arin to press his hand ere he started on his wife seeking excursion, "yes I even dare to say he allowed her to kiss him, but if he did I know those proud lips curled immediately afterward."

"If you will go, God bless you," she said.  
"I will whether He bless me or not—I will because I must. Farewell, sister," he replied.

"My son," said his father; "come back soon, you shall have inheritance. Do no wrong."  
"Wrong exclaimed Marion, 'show me one mortal who says that I ever in an act did wrong, and I will not leave the spot.'"  
"Hal I have you, my child; you wrong your father, your mother, your sister, in thus going away on this unheard hunt. Now are you not in honor bound to keep your word, and not leave this spot?"

"Hal you have me! do you say I have wronged you in doing what I have not done? If an unaccomplished future has wronged you already, then I am wronged by the terrible wife whom I have not yet found.—Farewell."

Marion left Palmetto with the sole purpose of discovering a congenial mind in a woman's person. The reader must know he went far on such an errand. This must be borne in mind, for my space will not allow a lengthened jargon about 'many climes,' and 'sunny south,' and many other lands. He paused at the end of six months in a city, where the very crown of fashion prevailed, and where the spirit of imitative life in all its sickening flimsiness held sway. He strode through the streets with his own dignity, and soon became observed of all. One would not have discovered the slightest semblance of eccentric conceit in his bearing, for he seemed what he was and acted consistently with what he seemed. He would enter the market place, as though it were an animal show, and while he studied the characters of the multitude as he would have mused beside a bee hive, not a thought of self, or a care for the opinions of others, distracted his unbending nature. One day as he sat with bared breast, and naked arms in the shade of a building, to cool himself after the violent struggle consequent on the humbling of a refractory horse, which had thrown and mastered its rider, Marion was observed by a city police functionary.

"Get up!" growled the officer, "I arrest you as a vagrant."  
"You are a fool to suppose that because my scarf is unfashionable, that I have no money," replied Marion quietly.

The officer bit his lip.  
"How much money will save me from arrest?" inquired Marion taking a half eagle and passing it slowly toward him. The officer cast a few glances around, and reached forth his hand for the gold.

"I'll let you off," said he, in a tone somewhat softened.  
"But I'll not let you off!" exclaimed

Marion, thrusting the money back into his pocket, and seizing the astonished man. Resistance was useless, Marion dragged the officer to that bar which had been intended for himself, and told the incident. He succeeded in proving the man of golden principles, guilty.

A month more of incidents passed, and yet the wife hunter had made no discoveries but such as were discouraging. He became conversant with many ladies, but all lacked the one thing looked for. All were too mild, too vain, too too affectionate. All would love him, weakly. The youth longed for a war trained Amazon, or a well disposed Fury; one who would cling around him like flame around a burning tree, and love to the extent of uncontrolled intellect. At last a plan of his own, urged to the consummation of the darling wish.

A large balloon was constructed at his expense, and the city was filled with bills announcing an ascension during the first storm that should take place. The thing took every heart, and the whole city palpitated when the awful time arrived. The balloon tugged at its fastenings. The raging clouds revolved in the black heavens, rushing furiously at war and though each other, and roaring and weeping, while as if to sound the charge of terror, the thunder broke fitfully, and rumbled in echoes like the footfalls of tramping Gods. The wind sighed in whirling surges, and broken voices whispered as tempests can whisper, loud, yet soft, in their peeling power. Shuddering came over the stoutest hearts, frenzy rolled up in scroll the passion and attributes of mightiest minds.

The rain had not yet broken from the aerial fountains, but the countenance of the rolling of the concave of cloud-waves, threatened an ocean burst when their heaving bosoms should part.

At this terrific moment, Marion stood up with a smile in his calm eye, and called for a companion. His words ran like the rumbling thunder above, and all that trembling host bent forward to listen.

"Citizens: I am ready; but ere I go, I invite whatever woman spirit may long for the delectable excursion, to go with me."

The crowd stood mute. No response.—Marion continued.  
"I have a wonderful secret to tell that lady who will ride with me through the clouds."

Every woman of those thousands, sprang as though a new impulse had possessed her, but a bellowing bolt of thunder came down, and all was again still. No response.

"I am going up for a poet's theme, what woman will go to snatch harp-strings from the red lightning with me?"  
A thousand breaths that had been suppressed, sighed through the parted and pale lips of the lovers of the muse, and that one vast, united sigh, went up to heaven and died when it mingled with the storm whisper. No response.

Marion saw the tempest grow ripe, and he spoke again.  
"Who will go up with me to receive a lover's ring in the clear blue sky above the storm? who that now looks on my eyes, would accept my heart in yonder dome, and come down to be my bride?"

There was a mild but beautiful girl scarcely sixteen, who had looked on Marion's face silently with the rest, but her heart had another feeling. It drank the wild spirit of Marion, and loved. She would have responded to the first call, but her love so sudden, so potent paralyzed her.

A response.  
"I will go!" and she sprang into the car.  
"He is a murderer! a murderer!" shouted the crowd, but there was no parent or brother to snatch back from Marion's arm the devoted virgin.

The balloon parted her fastenings, and shot upward, for it was well charged with gas, and very large. If I could, I would describe the moment that followed; but the shout of the host below, and the trumpet blast of the tempest above, cannot be written. No.

ed his countenance. Her fair and confiding eyes, transfixed his soul.  
"I am guilty!" he exclaimed.  
"Wherefore?" asked the girl.  
"For luring you from an earth you may never again see!"  
"I came voluntarily."  
"Nay, if you did I am guilty of your blood."

"You are not guilty, God gave me my soul, He gave me the impulse that sent me hither. Love comes from God. I feel that the love I feel is in itself a virtue!"  
"Dearest, it is not more holy than mine!" exclaimed Marion, and he clasped her to his bosom there in the clouds, and their first kiss was wet with the dew of heaven.—Marion spoke again.  
"I have done wrong in bringing you into danger, my unknown love. I see God as I never before saw him, for the beauties of this sublime scene have given a faint view of the mind's heaven. My life has been partly right, partly wrong, but only wrong in that I have not acknowledged God with the full soul I now feel. Heaven, is a mind to love God as he is, the just, the terrible. I can now go down & live a life of peace; I have the germ of enjoyment, and I shall henceforth for ever bloom more and more. I feel but one pang—your danger."

"Are we not God's creatures? is it worse to die here in the pure air, victims to our love for this glorious nature, than to die day by day in the putrid atmosphere of disease? We are safe in his hands."

The words of Coia almost entranced Marion, they came like heart echoes to his gratified being. He looked upon her as a part of himself, and a part of the nobility of divinity.

"Yes we are safe," he replied, "even though our minds never go down again. I read you as a book from the God of our spirits; though we die here, it cannot change us,—I will only enhance and perfect our being of happy thought. I have discovered the great mystery that curses man,—'tis fear. Men preach fear to each other, it destroys the free mind of man, makes him a slave and generates sin. It is fear that rules the world, it is fear that holds one mind below another, but our God never taught fear; it is the true spirit of evil. Man would be above wrong were he above fear. Look, look, Coia!"

"I see, Oh! that I had another soul, that I might go into yon scene of beauty, and yet remain here with you love!"  
"Watch that grand vortex! where the whirlwind centers! Oh! my Coia, was ever a view like that unfolded to mortal eyes before?"

"Grand! delightful. That is where the storm king makes his hail. The winds are at war. Look how that cloudy whirlpool draws the black and white clouds together! hark! were Niagara here, it would seem tame as a sleeping lake!"

"I will draw us into its immeasurable chasm," cried Marion [Boling Coia clung around him and smiled. A tremendous gust brought a shower of hailstones against the lovers, and Boling clung fast to the ropes, while the car swung round and round in utter darkness. Coia embraced firmly her lover's waist, that they might not be separated in death. Suddenly a stream of intense light awoke them from their giddiness, and when they looked up, the sun shone clear above them. The buoyance of the balloon had lifted above the faint grapple of the whirlwind's verge, and now the inky ocean of convolving vapor rolled below in its own mad wind torrents. Not a breeze moved where the good balloon now floated, and the lovers again smiled, ay, laughed through their drenched and dissipated locks.

"The clouds played roughly with us!" exclaimed Boling, "but I trust you are not alarmed, Coia."  
"Not in the least, love. The bath has raised my spirits even more. Oh, look! there are a thousand rainbows below!"

"Ay, but let me still enjoy your eyes. No, I will look once upon that rainbow sea. Yes, Coia, 'tis most glorious, and yet 'tis only the meeting of sunlight and gloom."

"But if God's sun can make the tempest smile with billows of many tints, what joy shall attend the mingling of God's spirit with ours, when we are wholly his!—but see again! Oh the view makes my delight too intense; I feel weak—hold me in your arms, Love!"

Marion was startled and surprised, and yet when he looked down again towards the earth, he too became nerv-

ous with ecstasy. The whole rushing ocean of clouds moved with great velocity towards the east, and ever and anon, their parting scroll opened views of the earth. Such views! let words sink into silence, and let imagination give way to a more potent attribute. Imagination it can but faintly dream. The clouds, as the lovers gazed seemed to stand still, only changing their shape; and then the balloon rushed with such dreadful speed, that Marion himself became drowsy, and his eyes dimmed.

"What means this," asked Coia, "how we fly?"  
"No, love, we are almost motionless, the clouds deceive our weak eyes, it is they which fly, why do you close your eyes, Coia?"

"My eyes have been crazy, and they have already shown me enough to last me forever. I see now without eyes! Oh Marion! my heart forgets to beat when I see with closed eyes, these delectable spots between the clouds. The purple earth all golden with the light streams, and rushing like living plains to meet the clouds;—now they glide under the clouds! gone, vanished. Not again they come, but changed—it is divided by a line of glory;—can that be a river!—but the clouds sweep over it again; let it obscure, it cannot destroy the view drawn on my heart! the clouds open again;—wider—a vast earth spot, but lovelier than a June sky. Now it glides in shade, now in light—there! a flash!—what a burst of glory; it even lights the edges of riven clouds! can that be earth? Oh, it burns my eyes yet—'twas too lovely and to glorious a burst of sunlight to be looked upon; I tremble, Marion!"

Marion had seen the flash. He knew what it meant, as it glared up through the cloud chasms, throwing back into the face of heaven the light, as if defying the sun. Marion knew that the Atlantic now rolled between them! He did not wish that Coia should know the truth, though he felt that she would smile at the knowledge.

The storm which had spent its force, now rolled quietly away like a rent curtain, and the bright ocean and the distant shore lay unclouded beneath his vision. The giddiness caused by the flying clouds, now passed from Marion's brain and folding his arms around Coia, who leaned on his bosom, he gazed around. The girl started.—She had almost fallen asleep. She raised up and rubbing her moist eyes, looked down.

"The ocean!" she exclaimed but you are not unhappy, Marion!"  
"Yes!"  
"Then I am!"  
"Does my unhappiness make you unhappy?"  
"Yes, love!"

"I see. Now I know the error of my life. 'Till I saw you, I had nothing as part of me. I had no one to sympathize with my lone heart, now I have found an earthly object that I can love, and the consequence is selfishness. I never knew fear till I saw you, now I am not happy—my freedom is gone;—I am conquered, I now see my danger and feel fear, not that I fear to die, but I am unwilling, I can die without a murmur but I have no courage to see you perish; 'tis selfishness;—were you another I would feel less careful of your life. I am wicked!"

"Oh, be happy, Marion—smile on me with a true smile, and I am happy. Let the Ocean gleam under us, we have sky enough yet. I am ready to die when the time comes, but Oh let me breathe away my happy spirit with yours, let them mingle, and is not heaven there? Smile!"

"Oh, Coia! you are nearer to God than I.—I have been seeking a spirit like mine, and have found a mightier, a better. A woman has conquered me when nothing else might. I feel the necessity of the principle of submission,—I see God again. But my love, I am free again from my gloomy spell, for I feel that to die now will be better for both of us, than to have lived on earth unknown to each other. My sense of guilt is gone; I planned this adventure from good motives, and God has ordered for the best, and so He will order. Now I know that to be happy, we must give our wills into His will. That, I feel, is Heaven!"

"So let us give away our wills, and when we fall into that far down gulf, and die, we shall not murmur. I wish to die with you,—I fear no terror:—let the Ocean beckon with its serpent waves!"

"Observe!—another wind current!—we pause—down sail landward!—we are very high;—are you cold?"